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# The Bard and Sea

Their Voice,  
What may it be?



REFLECTIONS ON THE HIGH TIDES  
AT ASBURY PARK

... By 'Lewoh ...

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# Social and Art Defence.

(Tracts in Verse.)

No. I.—Bard Musing by the Sea and at the Capital.

No. II.—Gold Kings' Overthrow.

No. III.—The Artist and His Model, etc.

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by Rev Geo. Howard  
Author

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## THE BARD.

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The bard, when bard, is peoples' prophet, too,  
By kindred nature and by Heaven inspired,  
He scorns oppression, thrills with prospects new,  
And man as man by him is most admired.

Greed's Great Gold kings will have their day he sees.  
'Twere well as prelude to new times most grand,  
As God Himself brings state all blest to please,  
By sovereign people raised to take their stand.

---

O God most sacredly we ask of Thee,—  
Would ask of every one with spark of soul,—  
How can the hosts of laboring slaves we see,  
Live on the pittance masters to them dole,  
One dollar, mayhap somewhat more per day.  
With families, too? Heaven help! No more delay!

You who are Dives yet, think, think of this :  
God thinks of it impatiently,—He must,  
And so do people coming from the abyss  
Whom mid the depths chained—bound you've sharply thrust ;  
Mark now,—and is it not most just and true,—  
(So God declares), opens abyss for you!

Yet bells on buoys do ring mid fog, storm, night,—  
Ring the alarm by human means and God's ;  
Escape may yet be taking course aright,  
But just Nemesis no more slumbering nods,  
But with new earthquake, and new tidal wave,  
Changed state demands, or else naught, naught can save.

The leeches gorged on brothers' blood, must fall,  
And must disgorge, nor swell henceforth as now ;  
Or else as freemen we must perish all ;—  
But lo ! lifts up the peoples' grand lit brow !  
And those who've gathered all with greed and boast,  
Hear Justice coming !—let's go see the coast.



AN ANGRY SEA ALONG THE COAST.



Sounds and resounds, and swells the sea !  
 Hear it all clearly then ;  
 It goes and comes again ;  
 'Tis voice of God and Liberty.

'Tis thunder—music in the air !  
 'Tis that, and then 'tis this ;  
 'Tis horror, then 'tis bliss.  
 Soon will the prospect brighten fair.

The waves roll on ! roll on apace !  
 They ride old landmarks past ;  
 As chariots ride they fast—  
 As God and Freedom for our race !

New cry, new base for Freedom now—  
 Freedom for all the world !  
 'Gainst poverty unfurled  
 Her banners, and to exalt each brow.

But now repulsed are Freedom's hosts !  
 Repulsed humanity !  
 As first waves on the coasts,  
 Then—stars', sea's, flood tide victory !

Signs of the times, and roaring sea !  
 Mark ! listen all, and heed !  
 Would ye from harm be freed ?  
 Move with the stars, sea, Liberty !

'LEWIS.

# Sun, Moon and Sea in High Tide Revelry?

OR

## Sun, Moon and Waves as Freedom's Cavalry?

[Reflections upon the late high tides at  
Asbury Park, N. J.]

Bard in most beautiful Park by grand, grand sea !  
Watching the high tides and the scenes between ;  
Enrapt in meditative revery,  
And querying what the signs of times do mean,  
And sea what like ; mere revelry, dash, din ;  
Or freedom's cavalry grand rushing in ?  
Watching the sunrise and its settings here,  
The moon, the stars, and people near and far,  
All signs of times as they do now appear,  
O'er all new sun mounting in victor's car ;  
Let this, with news of chariots of the sea,  
By bard, though echoing o'er and o'er, repeated be.

\* \* \* \*

**O** CHANGING scenes this eve ; so grand mid clouds !  
As it were angels ! chariots ! and swift steeds !  
Now, castles and cathedrals ! crowds on crowds  
Of varying sights sublime ! seas, mountains, meads !  
All scenes to elevate and thrill the soul,  
As though God meant his realm should us control.  
Lo ! back of outer scenes gleams source of all,  
And ocean of clear molten silver there !  
Anon ! now seas of *gold* on eye do fall,  
O'er which the clouds are sailing smiling fair,  
Fringed with the silver and the gold that flow—  
Out from the seas beneath with shimmering glow.

Again, mid breaking clouds is secret seen,  
 For there the SUN unveils as fiery world ;  
 Round, full and flaming as a gorgeous sheen,  
 The clouds as robes cast off yet rich impearled ;  
 Again they change to chariots driven wild,  
 Yet soon is scene once more so calm, so mild.  
 Yes, glorious, peaceful is now varying sight,  
 Glorious in skies above and on the earth ;  
 Calm are the groves, lakes, all, 'neath evening light,  
 While throngs do sing and laugh in echoing mirth ;  
 Yet some, entranced, are silent from the view,  
 Their minds beyond the scene of gold and blue.

And now, as sun magnificent doth set,  
 We turn toward East and toward the sea :  
 When lo ! comes other scene to ne'er forget,  
 Full fiery MOON, like sun in majesty ;  
 Serene she mounts the heavens in cloudless sky  
 Attracting in her splendor every eye  
 Is this conjunction special with the sun ?  
 He's going down so full, so flaming, grand !  
 She o'er the sea as if were victory won,  
 But both in glory as if hand in hand ;  
 He hidden now ! save as she flings his light  
 In streaming splendors o'er the starry night.

She *changes* scenery, too, as on she mounts,  
 Throws gold and silver highways o'er the deeps,  
 Yet ocean, time of high tide accurate counts,  
 And his arrangement with the moon he keeps.  
 While winds mayhap have had their part afar,  
 Perchance in union as now monarchs are.  
 " But things are dubious," all do forth exclaim.  
 " Something especial now is taking place ;  
 Who e'er before hath known such flame for flame,  
 Save as may be in lovers face to face ;  
 And all is calm, nor breeze doth seem to stir,—  
 But, hark ! sounds sea as jealous murmurer !

Let's hasten to the shore, 'tis near full tide ;

Ah ! ah ! the tossing waves and awful roar,  
As if of lions that no curbs do bide,

As ocean lions which as they touch shore,  
The more do rouse in wrath with fearful sound,  
And as though ruin they would spread around.  
The throngs on throngs are moving to the scene,

For morning tide at full showed signs of ire,  
Though thousands here have harmless bathed between.

All calm (save sun and moon in full on fire),  
Till evening tide again shows signs of wrath,  
As Neptune and his horsemen on war path.

Growls, growls the sea ! 'tis angry, surely this,

Though out afar no white caps do appear.  
And waves do toss, and break, and roar, foam, hiss,

Only as hindrances on shore come near ;  
But here the sea doth shout :—" All men shall see  
If at their chains I will not laugh in glee ! "

" What are their plazas, walks, pavilions, spiles,  
Nor more their bulk-heads closely bound by spikes !

These, in due time, the sea in wrath reviles,

Rends them asunder as its blow it strikes.

My highway for my chariots must have room,  
Or else obstructions meet terrific doom.

On summer days in calm with tide not high,

Ye, in your pride place ramparts me to check !

Ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! why not have reason, why ?

And bear in memory my wreck on wreck ?

I'll sweep as freedom on resistlessly,

When foes provoke my power and majesty.

Now, is my time of revelry and mirth,

To join in dance with sun, moon, stars and wind,

To frolic, too, somewhat, with maid, the earth,

Yet, while she does not lawful bonds rescind.

I'll harmless revel on her strand and rocks,

But not where mortal work my power mocks.

There I will roll and roll, and break and smite,  
And sound my voice as warning voice of God,  
Will come as if the infinite in might

Were come to crush His foes with His own rod.  
And much shall seem as when at last the world,  
For pride and sin, is to destruction hurled.  
What? what? your impious rivalry and walls!

Your thundering armaments and hosts to me?  
Hark! lo! my thunder bursts and vengeance falls!

O quail ye now, ye warriors 'gainst the sea!  
Own! own in calm as when the storm comes nigh,  
Own! in His glorious power your God most high.

Al! now the sea doth show his tidal waves!

But it suggests to some, fierce, wicked ire,  
For how it growls and roars, and smites, and raves!

More dread this scene than sun and moon on fire,  
Doth act insanely, or in wrath turns white,  
And trembles earth, whom sea doth haughty smite.  
Lawless, or law fulfilling is this scene?

Of liberty the type, or anarchy?  
Or natural processes that come between?

So heave and sink the billows mightily!  
And what did seem the sea of freedom's bliss,  
Is turned as if to hell's most dread abyss.

Echoes the sound as coming multitudes

As shouting hosts to quell presuming foe;  
Aye, and the sea now whelms whate'er intrudes,

Meaning that all its conquering power shall know,  
And though is order, yet all rampant too,  
Yes, such the sea, grand, terrible to view.  
Look! billows coming on do first high rear,

Then far o'er-turn like deep green molten glass,  
And we can see through all, so crystal clear.

Anon they burst! and O alas! alas!  
They froth in rage, and on do foam and roll,  
And doom we read as on the judgment scroll!

And still its power augments, and so its wrath ;

Each line shows this as it comes closer in.

And now as though it all of power hath,

It rears, careers, careens with awful din.

When lo ! in special spring it smites the earth,

As thousand demons in their wicked mirth !

Then it returns, as though for home in peace,

Yet still its fellow billows onward come,

But all is meant its onsets to increase,

While re-sounds its fearful deafening drum !

And lo ! it comes again in all its might,

And throws its spray with boom to towering height !

See ! now its special aim—the electric pole ;

Is it in rival wrath, or, would it free

The lightning chained, nor let man this control ?

Yea, one with it and thunder is the sea,—

With all that is sublime, and so combines

With all that's grand, to break oppression's lines.

The tall poles sway, shake ! break ! till light springs out

And lightnings leap with freedom in the crash !

Anon, it fierce doth strike and strike, and shout,

Beneath, and o'er and round, with splash and dash—

Smites dikes, piles, walks and bathing structures near,

Till these are tossed as spray, and disappear.

And signs now come of bold attack on land,

And, too, on beach, mayhap for bearing chains.

Or as for freedom ; hark ! comes shout, dread, grand,

"Soon all shall own and cry, "The great sea reigns !"

Watch ! on I'll come as mighty admiral.

This night takes place the sea's great carnival !"

But sea doth now assuage, retires for rest,

Gives chance awhile for human skill and care.

No prudence would again the tide-wave breast,

But much would save and losses best repair,

Ere morn's and night's full high tides do come again,

But O ! alas ! presumptuous course of men !

The multitudes of mortals leave at last,  
 But talk and dream of grand sights till the morn.  
 Rare on such sights sublime the eyes are cast,  
 When much more grand since stars and sea were born?  
 Serenely still the moon and stars do glide,  
 Till comes the sun to shine on morning's tide.  
 Thither the multitudes do re-appear,  
 But though not much is seen but powerful hosts.  
 These are enough to warn, and way to clear,  
 For they do threat at eve to sweep the coasts,  
 Yet still doth man presume, and all delays,  
 Till sea, impatient, utmost ire displays.  
 Meanwhile it leaves for bathers room for bath,  
 This thousands do avail of in their glee.  
 But sea for all its spurners growls in wrath,  
 Or else doth rest for night's new deviltry;  
 The sun doth set again as ball of fire,  
 And so the moon doth rise, 'mid much to admire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still changing splendors—none a moment like—  
 In cloud-land and in skies beyond appear;  
 Sense of the infinite our minds doth strike,  
 And, too, below, what wonders find we here!  
 But hush! the waves with martial music sound!  
 And, war to see, vast concourse gathers round.

Hear shout—"Thought ye while we swept decks at rest  
 That we no more would battle for our crown?  
 Nor toss again toward heaven proud waving crest?  
 Nor ramparts thundering in our strokes, break down?  
 My tens of million hosts wait but command  
 To full retake in all our golden strand."  
 Ah! *did* ye think, O mortals! me to quell?  
 Is not my field the mightiest 'neath the skies?  
 And, scenes, where more terrific short of hell?  
 Why do ye me and God of heaven despise?  
 Warned ye have been by sun, moon, sea and shore—  
 All ye have spurned; now vengeance waits no more.

And it doth further say : “ I all alone,  
 Apart from hurricane and lightnings rod  
 Or thunder’s voice—will all this pride dethrone ! ”  
 And on it rolls, resounds, smites as the arm of God ;  
 Then tosses high and grand its rainbow spray,  
 And smiles and laughs in its all-conquering sway.  
 Thus it doth warn and smite at first this eve,  
 But these are nothing to yet threatening shout,  
 That it with vengeance will its own retrieve,  
 But now with hosts on hosts it turns about,  
 And goes afar, but lo ! it sweeps round then,  
 Bounds on with mountain blows to attack again.

It rears and curls, whirls, hisses, thunders, froths !  
 Is rampant wild ! is foaming, white in rage !  
 Shows towering billows, and engulfing troughs !  
 In fiercest combat would its foes engage !  
 Is but one scene of angry vengeance here,  
 Nor strange that earth and mortals quail with fear.  
 Wicked or terrible it seemeth now,  
 Disorderly, with order, prowling ’round.  
 But all distinctly hear its wrathful vow,  
 “ I’ll show them if the sea by them is bound,  
 Its strongest barriers I will strow as straw.”  
 And such its wrath the throngs are thrilled with awe.

But see ! that monster towering o’er the rest,  
 As living mountain creature springing on.  
 How too, as prancer it doth toss its crest,  
 Its mane throwing back with growl, is here anon !  
 And lo ! he lifts these structures, throws them o’er,  
 Drenches the crowds, then leaving, spurns the shore.  
 Yet scarce one sweep thus of the sea seems spent,  
 Ere others constantly now follow fast.  
 Still smiling, smoothly, silently, none rent.  
 Until most terribly, with demon cast,  
 Each bursts with thunder and with lightning might,  
 ’Till thousands now cry “ mercy ” at the sight.



Then, breathless, all hearts seem to cease to beat,

Anon! the thousands, first from sense of awe,  
Exclaim, while from the waves they far retreat,

“ Who e’er before such scene terrific saw ?

Plumed, thundering lines of waves their places take,

Bear all before them and make earth to quake.

Look ! now, up, down, for miles on miles lines form,

And lines on lines successive, some how long !

And mighty all as ever seen ’neath storm.

Tall ranks, on ranks, on ranks, so fierce, proud, strong !

Though some still mightier than the rest we see,

But all arranged for certain victory.

Some lines of sea’s grand cavalry from *far*,

Now show white plumes, yet mostly not till near ;

But instantly as they do touch the bar,

O how all thundering toss white manes and rear !

Tear on ! worse than proud racing steeds ’neath lash,

As demon warriors, mad they shriek ! charge ! crash !

Caverns, as if of hell they make below,

In which we hear their roar, and rage, and blows,

O’er which have lovers walked of late aglow ;

But now destruction’s wrath wild wreckage strows ;

And here is lesson all to heed with care,

’Ere ruin us surprise beyond repair.

Still mid the e’er varying wonders of the sea—

From state reflecting heavenly splendors here,

To that wherein reverse as hell may be—

Comes word, as ask me what may yet appear,

What more of power—hark ! sea upon us rails—

“ Wait for high tides with marshalling gales on gales ! ”

High carnivals we’ll hold, nor hindrance bear,

As borne we have, and yet with warnings plain—

Watch ! yet behold our revelings mighty there,

Till in full mirth and glory we shall reign

Ah ! watch ! your strongest pillars we will take,

Turn them as battering rams your works to break !

Yea, these we'll toss as by exploded mine,  
 And scatter them as wreckage far and near,  
 See, how our hosts proud plumed now fall in line!  
 And steeds do toss their manes and foam and rear;  
 War yet more dread shall come, but wild our sport,  
 And this your news as fall your fort on fort :—  
 "Against our battlements each wave revolts,  
 All fall in ranks, and then with boom on boom,  
 Do rush, hiss, gleam and strike as thunderbolts,  
 While sound and resound their crack of doom,  
 And then o'er ruins forthwith scream in glee—  
 'Mark lightning blows and cyclones of the sea !' "

But still these types do seem of Freedom's hosts,  
 These sea battalions marching thundering on,  
 Yet laughing too, o'er tyrants works and boasts,  
 Leaping with joy, o'er time when these are gone,  
 And yet comes sighs too, from the ocean's heart,  
 So long the time ere woes from earth depart.  
 Though noble he who owns these structures, walks,  
 (Let this be heard lest great mistakes be made,)  
 Yet emblems here of walls where tyrant stalks,  
 And of the fortresses 'gainst freedom laid,  
 But toward which hosts of earth as waves on all,  
 Beyond the tyrants furthermore control.

The dark clouds, too, from which the lightning bursts,  
 And thunders that do join them as their mates,  
 And winds and storms, their comrades from the first,  
 These all in place combine for healthier states,  
 Uniting with the stars and sea, and all sublime,  
 As messengers and types of happier time.  
 Still clearer types of happier state are found,  
 In sunrise, sunset, night and day clear, calm,  
 So, too, in seas and shores where joys abound,  
 And peace perpetual man's victorious palm,  
 All mid their vines and homes with naught to fear,  
 Of which the type is oft in Park known here.

Oft here the sea is known so calm, serene,  
 That larks might singing, soaring, mount it o'er,  
 Mistaking it for fields, sweet peaceful green ;  
 And our grand skies as heaven's own pearl-set door,  
 And oft our scenery and groups below,  
 As if new earth and heaven for all of woe.  
 Aye, and doth seem the sea to this reply,  
 And all the winds, and storms, and lightnings blast,  
 All things below and all within the sky.  
 And this shall be with fearful doom at last,  
 Echoing and re-echoing : "Smote be all,  
 That mars man's glory and doth cause his fall."

So have we ocean view in loftiest state,  
 In mated splendors, too, the skies above,  
 And groves and lakes, and joys as pure, as great,  
 And matchless, beauteous town, the home of love,  
 But now withal, can ne'er forgotten be,  
 SUN, MOON AND STARS IN HIGH TIDE REVELRY.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sea recalls us with yet mightier tide,  
 And with more dreaded roar, or Freedom's voice,  
 And yet again I'll venture by its side,  
 Where with it as its waves I e'er rejoice,  
 Though rumors come, and statements clear and bold  
 That it but tyranny with mirth doth hold.  
 It differently hath bard already sketched,  
 He can but ever grand the sea regard,  
 And all its lines of forces world-wide stretched,  
 At least on *its* fields tyrants to retard ;  
 Still rumors of disordered dread come down,  
 Worse than the sea-storms, of both sea and town.

From sources best, bard will of truth enquire,  
 Here to the sea and all he would be true,  
 For soon from all he must, though sad, retire,  
 Since scenes so countless grand on earth to view,  
 And he cannot like lady neighbor old,  
 Expect a century hence to sea behold.

Perchance young feeling, woman like, said she,  
 When told that century hence e'en nead her door,  
 In all magnificence would be the sea,  
 And then convenient the now distant shore,  
 She said—fair lady of now eighty years—  
 "So glad I'll be when this to me appears."

Bard though the younger, yea by very far,  
 Cannot so sing with hope of stay below,  
 Yet though beyond afar, most distant star,  
 His home may be, yet doubts he not, aglow,  
 He as the centuries roll, if then roll's earth,  
 He here will visit, or look down in mirth.  
 But to return from revery, yet to roam,  
 And yet in revery here to e'er return;  
 For here, at least 'till death, the poet's home,  
 For which his heart, 'till steps are here, doth burn;  
 But he would once again, in dutious verse—  
 Due to the sea and land—the truth rehearse

\* \* \* \* \*

Of this grand sea with no mean thoughts I'd leave—,  
 Nor of this fair, fair town beside the sea.  
 All here, with sun and moon, he would conceive  
 As meaning more than lawless revelry.  
 Though seen these eves with sun and moon aflame,  
 And numerous signs, grand, dread, no words might name.  
 Here lawlessness and havoc! Only this?

Nay, thoughts more grand for poet's mind and heart,  
 E'en though all now seems dark as the abyss,  
 At sight of which with terror thousands start,  
 As though the sea would swallow in but wrath,  
 And mocking mirthfulness—all in its path.

O SEA, how muse I as on thee I gaze!

Dazzling! vast! mighty! and exhaustless flood!  
 I—mind growing wild, yet lofty in amaze—

Ask—as, too, clouds and stars, heaven's deeps now scud—  
 If sun, moon, sea themselves, with High-tide Wave,  
 As Freedom's hosts or lawless horde behave?

Rolling, as e'en from out eternity,

Tell me thyself, O Sea, what thou dost mean ;  
Say, unto what should mortals liken thee ?

Thou who at times so terrible art seen,  
As with wild mirth, then wrath, then in sweet calm—  
Of what the emblem, thou—of good or harm ?

Now one ; now other ; then as both thou'rt like ;

In revelry from expectation high !  
Or as if ended were disasters' strike !

All now as stars serene in cloudless sky,  
After the waves as Freedom's cavalry  
Have conquests won ; and this right cleverly !

\* \* \* \* \*

Now then, recalling, answering ocean speaks !

Still, still resounds his voice as from of yore,  
Though varying billows, not as mountain peaks,

Yet like them echoing, echoing towering o'er ;  
Thus sea would speak in calm, storm, tidal-wave,  
Word more to cravens, also, to the brave.

Mid latter, bard would place himself with pride,

With them for right would march, or firmly stand,  
And pace, watch, listen by the ocean's side,

Nor he unworthy of the sea so grand.  
For since his childhood—born mid mountains wild,  
Cradled on sea—from these he's ne'er beguiled.

Deep studying nature's secrets and grand sights,

Soaring o'er meaner things (as unjust men),  
He dwells mid nature's loftiest, noblest heights,

These, revelling among, he pleased is then,  
As mid the storms, mid clouds as storms on sea,  
And mid all scenes sublime at home—aglee :

The lightning's gleaming and the thunder's roar,

The sweeping hurricane, the earthquake shocks,  
And all the waves that roll o'er sea, or shore,

To him as cradle, when one dreaming rocks.

But more than infant thus, for knows he too,  
That God will guide through storms to world—the new,

But must bard leave these scenes, and soon, for aye?

Mountains, sea, people? leave them for all time?

Touched with deep melancholy thus his lay.

But O! the scenes beyond! then all sublime!

Yet from them, though with an immortal crown,

Still here, as with man's Saviour, looking down.

Here yet the pains o'er which all nature sighs,

Nor rest complete in heaven till rest comes here.

Thus here do gaze all dwellers in the skies,

And this must be till conquests—God's—appear;

And though the day seems tarrying long and sad,

The better state shall come, and all be glad.

And thus it is, mayhap, sea speaks again,

To tell us (all to warn) what shall be more,

Of scenes from which shall fail most hearts of men,

Though now all calm as glorious sun-set o'er.

Perchance addressing more than bard, the globe;

Thus speaks the sea, as warrior wrapped in robe:

Say, have ye seen the sea asleep, calm, mild,

As infant smiling, sleeping, lovely, fair—

As warrior like Napoleon when a child?

And have ye thought of forces slumbering there?

The genius vast; hence hosts to call around,

Till with their conquests all the lands resound?

Have ye beheld such warriors come and go—

Their horse, foot, cavalry engaged in war?

Known them with lightning strokes so press o'er foe

Till, yielding, these have mercy pleaded for?

See, ye, then, thus the sea, as Freedom's type,

For which earth's myriads now are waiting ripe.

My helmets, lo! how gleam they e'en at night;

The emblem I of earth's vast rising hordes;

It is as though t'were victory won for right,

Nor more shall tyrants sway their cruel swords.

Millions on millions, as my waves rise roll,

And as the stars, come freemen grand in soul.

But—are there signs of triumph yet to foes?  
 Lull in the times between the tides at hight?  
 What seems confusion and despairing throes,  
 And Wrong with banners floating o'er the Right?  
 Ah! know ye not our Admiral in the skies,  
 Marshals His forces for most grand surprise?  
 Did bard not say, or some of ye not say,  
 Something peculiar in new signs to note?  
 As sun and moon aflame at set of day,  
 And as the waves as conquering fleets afloat?  
 And high tides, storms and floods so strange?  
 'Tis true, with else, as God His hosts doth range.

Ah! haughty tyrants, all ye foes of man,  
 All ye who image of our God would mar,  
 Can ye not God's and nature's omens scan?  
 See ye from every wind, wave, mount, vale, star—  
 All in the universe as under Admiral's helm,  
 But wait His word to hosts of wrong o'erwhelm.  
 And here the tidal wave flowing on and back,  
 And winds and sea serene, anon wild then,  
 And mountains fair and then so lowering black,  
 All, all impatient are that times come when—  
 Not with mere havoc and revenge alone,  
 But with just vengeance God the Right enthroned.

At all times throbs, and often fierce doth beat,  
 The heart of sea, with fiery moon and sun,  
 And sea and thunders, *voice* of God repeat,  
 While to His word waves, floods, winds, lightnings run,  
 And all with all as armies join and shout,  
 And dash and clash resistless, foes to rout.  
 Yea, as my mighty pulse doth move in strength—  
 Pulse of the vast sea everywhere below—  
 So beat for Freedom all true hearts at length,  
 And at the charge and shout, "Surrender, foe!"  
 The forts of tyrants shake; shall shake; yea, all—  
 Till all 'gainst Heaven in consternation fall.

Have ye not eyes to view the vast, grand sea—

And hosts on hosts of stars that march and shine?  
Have ye not ears to hear the thunders glee?

So, too, earth's myriad hosts, who now combine,  
Thundering, "Why, why earth's millions bowed so low,  
While few lords smile o'er all besides in woe?"  
Again view sea and tide; they move as fate!

Again see sun, moon, clouds, and marching stars!  
Then lightnings, thunders, and the storms that wait!

*Then* look on image—God's that despot mars,  
And know, as waves, so people slumbering nod,  
Till come, as storm to waves, the awakening God.

Then, then beware! ah, yes, beware, before!

Hark! rising storms! and sound of Tidal Wave!  
And higher! louder! broader spreading o'er,

As if its billows would the wide world lave.  
Come they sublimely on! swift! dread! as doom;  
The true to exalt 'neath God; all false to entomb.  
And mark, ye foes, e'en mid your homes, lakes, Park,  
Yea, in its home, so much like heaven on earth,  
What then o'er world so much more dread and dark?

Yea, say the thunders, as o'er lightnings berth,  
"*Worse foes on shore, like fire and flood have ye  
Than Sun, Moon, Sea, in High Tide Revelry.*"

And further on from me, on, on behold,

The highways of the King, the people's ways,  
Long taken from them by usurpers bold,  
All fortified where the tyrant's sceptre sways,  
As network line of forts for favored few,  
'Gainst those to whom by Heaven's right they're due.  
"Reclaim them!" e'er resounds the voice of sea,

Of sun, moon, stars, clouds, lightning, all sublime,  
As voice of hosts heard loud or silently,

With which, too, angels' voice and God's do chime,  
Demanding, nevermore to aught abuse,  
That what Heaven meant for all, all fairly use.



Is not prediction, "He shall judge the poor?  
 "Shall break in pieces the oppressors all?"  
 Thunders He hot now 'gainst each evil doer?  
 And sound not blows before which such do fall?  
 And then, "abundant peace while stars endure,  
 "Wide as from sea to sea;" all this is sure.  
 Lo! lo! the glory of His Majesty!

How He with this in awful power doth rise!  
 Shakes terribly the earth while roars the sea!  
 And kings and despots so doth He surprise.  
 That they, and all their kindred great and small,  
 Sink as in graves from worse than death's appall.

Now on the mountains, in the vales, on plains.  
 God gives unto the people sumptuous feast,  
 Feast of fat things for them, for now God reigns,  
 And cruelty and darkness all have ceased,  
 Rebuke from people all, its sovereign takes,  
 And restitution gloriously He makes.  
 As one with this is bard, or far or nigh—  
 One ever with the sea; oh, grand! grand sea!  
 One with its moan and heart's vast, vast, deep sigh,  
 As this may be for our humanity;  
 And would be one in *war*, as with the wave,  
 If must be this the man, as God's, to save.

And e'er as waves with sea I'm with the race,  
 With all in all uprising, true would be,  
 But ne'er to rise and sweep beyond due place,  
 With each one's right to be in harmony;  
 Each one for each in this in all the world,  
 That all with glory's splendors be empearled.  
 So sighs the bard as he doth watch the tide;  
 Its waves somewhat in great confusion tossed;  
 And yet the waves as grandest conquerors ride,  
 Hurling adown all that tide's path hath crossed;  
 Oft' o'er each other tumbling, thundering, strong,  
 And yet comes calm; so as to earth ere long.

So to my ears, as rushing multitudes,

Thy voice—yea, when thou'rt sleeping too, grand sea—  
Heard mid thine own and other solitudes;

Heard as the voice, too, of eternity;  
But as with pensiveness my steps now wend,  
Come sounds of victory in the approaching end.  
Yes, long hath battle lasted 'gainst the right,

But yet the stars, seas, nature's forces, all,  
Do 'gainst all evil, as 'gainst Sisera, fight.

And sure destruction on the wrongs shall fall;  
And thus the farewell words that come to bard,  
That steps to glory nothing may retard.

"Steady!" sounds voice to cheer, in stirring call;

Let this forth echo through all earth for Right—  
Steady! steady! along the lines, each, all,

Or organizing, marching, or in fight,  
For thus, as one, while none in right doth pause,  
Will victory, sure as heaven, crown your cause.  
Horse, foot, artillery, in line must be;

Each in its place, all history this confirms,  
As needful for the coming victory,

While "No surrender for the right!" your terms.  
So to your hearts shall beat each heart that's true,  
And through the world resound your triumph, too.

The tossing plumes and gleaming swords of sea;

Its chariots, as of Freedom sweeping on,  
With scenes here, now, of mighty victory,

Do show your cause the more may grand be won,  
As God cares more for every noble soul  
Than for all suns, moons, stars, and seas that roll.

\* \* \* \* \*

"All's well!" from Admiral of the mighty fleet;

"All's well!" from out the heaven's and sea's vast heart;

"All's well!" all hosts, stars, nature grand repeat.

And "yet may he return though here we part;"

While voice of sea in mind shall e'er renew,  
And scenes its grandest, though we say—"Adieu."

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet poet looks behind as he moves on.

Looks back towards sea, for aye to the sublime,  
And he doth wait and wait ; shouts, " Foes begone ! "

And so for peoples that they rise sublime,  
Rise like the sea, like type as here seen now,  
With right, light, liberty to raise man's brow.  
Roll on ! roar on ! dash on ! foam on ! O sea !

I'm filled with awe and yet with joy, as thou  
Like countless and resistless cavalry,  
Dost make all foes before thee cowering bow !  
Roll on ! so Freedom's chariots on on, roll !  
Till Right man's rights reclaim and these control.

Like sun, moon, stars and all the heavenly train,  
And as the ages, Freedom speeds its course,  
And under Heaven that Heaven at length may reign,  
With strength resistless from exhaustless source, [face  
And though hath Wrong flung scorn toward Heaven's own  
Yet now 'neath Heaven all must to Right give place.  
And, as at first o'er this our planet's birth,

Did sing the stars and shout the hosts of God,  
So shall they yet more glad o'er ransomed earth,  
Without one slave to cower to despots nod ;  
And, Freedom's chariots, when your foes are gone,  
For aye like thee, O sea ! grand roll, roll on !

\* \* \* \* \*

" Conclusion then," was said to bard, " is this :

" That the vast sea in all its storms, tides, woe,  
As well as favoring breeze, calm state and bliss.

Is type of freedom for Wrong's overthrow ? "

His answer hear : " In now transitions state,  
'Tis type of what at length doth elevate. "

Here better works and walks will span the beach,

By reason of this high Tide's overthrow ;  
Thus too, from mountains in their way, men reach  
Far loftier vision as they onward go ;

So waves, storms, seas, and foes bring out men's powers,  
As these they o'ercome in search of Eden bowers.

Long lingered man in doubt and hugged the shore ;  
 But he did try and try ; he wins at length ;  
 Lo ! now his palaces all ocean o'er ;  
 But 'tis from skill with wisdom comes his strength.  
 O'er all is God, and He with search. makes known,  
 In all due time, whate'er may best be shown.  
 Man's gifts are vast, yet all his boasted powers,  
 And all his great discoveries, what are they ?  
 Mid all is FORCE, before which weak he cowers,  
 If brought upon him in its mighty sway ;  
 All man's discoveries are in nature round,  
 And wait God's time that they by man be found.

Not chaos, deem as that desired, or best ;  
 But love and power divine may o'er this brood,  
 And love's own offspring spring e'en from such nest ;  
 So with the people now in dark. vexed mood.  
 Ah ! sadly ruled, wronged they've been,  
 To say they've not, but adds to foulest sin.  
 And it at least but makes of him a fool,  
 Who claims that changed may not be now man's woe.  
 To body, mind and soul give loftiest school,  
 With fairness, love, that all this best may know,  
 And that not few however great or small,  
 May have, for self, of treasures nearly all.

Know only fairness will man's ill correct,  
 So doth High Heaven and all the true conclude ;  
 Then man as man shall nobly stand erect ;  
 But how on his past course did chains intrude ;  
 Yet all in way like this shall fall ; as now,  
 These flimsy barriers to the sea, do bow.  
 The people as in state of chaos first :  
 And seem beside themselves in revelry ;  
 This due the most to those who them have cursed,  
 But *they'll* come yet as Freedom's cavalry ;  
 This is the bard's conclusion and 'tis GOD'S,  
 Fools this may read—e'en him who slumbering nods.

But question ye "of much of mystery past,  
 And woes of myriads upon myriads there,  
 And now, too, since for myriads these still last?"  
 'Tis in that men to men are so unfair;  
 Thus come, as said, most woes beneath the skies;  
 "Still other sufferings have and will arise."  
 Hold this as key in part to mysteries all;—  
 That never is a loss without a gain,  
 And this holds true from man's first Eden fall,  
 Till more than all's restored, 'neath Heaven's own reign,  
 For all events in some way God holds fast,  
 And so o'er rules, that all be best at last.

Thus there's no cloud that hath not stars behind,  
 Nor night so dark that these can e'er remove,  
 As clouds to stars, bodies to souls we'll find;  
 As they dissolve (so it shall surely prove.)  
 Souls as the stars shall shine in their grand spheres;  
 So hence mid glory vanish all our fears.  
 However rent then, clouds by lightnings dread,  
 Howe'er terrific they the heavens may drape,  
 Yea, howe'er strow the bodies of the dead,  
 'Tis but that souls, as if from tombs escape,  
 Mounting from things material to their realms,  
 Where an eternal splendor all o'erwhelms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still bard doth linger for yet tides so grand,  
 Pacing the plaza (on what sea doth spare,)  
 Sometimes forth venturing on the shifting sand,  
 And out on pier mid sights appalling there,  
 With fond, fond look, too, toward the town betimes,  
 Musing o'er all and aye for aye with rhymes.  
 And musing, rhyming, oft the fire burns,  
 With flames high mounting and increasing heat;  
 But soon to his more natural state returns,  
 And he all men as noblemen would greet;  
 Herewith last eve's and next morn's revery,  
 Near town so fair, mid groves, neath stars, by sea.

And ere was sun-set, and at lowest tide,  
 He strolled, had countless times, the shell strown shore,  
 And set with pebble gems, fit for kings pride ;  
 And all was calm, with scenery grand all o'er ;  
 And therewith met he Artist and his mate,  
 Fair twain, with offspring, all as good as great.  
 His studio picturesquely stands o'er beach,  
 High on its piles, safe mid all tides and storms,  
 Though these have swept much else in further reach,  
 For artist to the sea's right wise conforms,  
 As would the bard, (and bards and artists one;)   
 Would all loved nature like them 'neath the sun.

The beach is ever changing ; sometimes seen,  
 As 'twas this afternoon, with tiny picturesque pools.  
 Clearer than crystal, shore and sea between,  
 With little fish, aglee in numerous schools,  
 Sent by their parent Neptune from their home,  
 To learn somewhat, but not to truant roam.  
 Bard too, recalls this day's fond forest stroll ;  
 Who can but love these groves of pine, oak, elm ?  
 So peaceful, balmy ; whispering too, to soul ;  
 Moving the heart that it with praise o'erwhelm ;  
 And so the beautiful glades, fields flocks and herds,  
 And yet remaining sweetly singing birds.

And flowers, marvelous formed, with richest hues,  
 With fragrance as of incense from pure priests,  
 Do yet come forth ; while too, autumnal views,  
 E'en now appear ; on all which poet feasts,  
 As well as artist, though they try in vain  
 The scene to sketch by brush or poet's strain.  
 Here, too, twin streams as mirrors beautiful now ;  
 Trees thus reflect themselves with branches, leaves,  
 In all their forms and tints ; their heads they bow  
 Gently as fanned by zephyrs ; and as heavens  
 The placid tide how they do glint aglow !  
 So peaceful streams with boats mid forests flow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sound far away, then *from* the far away,  
 Yet far and near, voices from out the boats,  
 And from the woods. and then re-echo they,  
 And strains of flute from somewhere floats and floats ;  
 And this with day as glorious as e'er known,  
 Prompts bard his steps from Eden to postpone:  
 Or long as it may be for Freedom's cause ;  
 And so comes further utterance from the Muse,  
 Who never gives to poet any pause,  
 On mounts, in forests, by the sea with news,  
 And everywhere he goes it is the same ;  
 News of blest Freedom he must e'er proclaim :

It is that with due toil, due rest may be ;  
 That all have leisure meet, as well as toil,  
 And thus may come and gaze upon the sea,  
 On all earth's scenes as kings upon their soil,  
 And with labor on all good to feast,  
 But not all clear Grand Master, in the East.  
 So doth the poet's and the artist's eye,  
 And every eye enkindled by God's light,  
 Glance o'er the land, the sea and yonder sky,  
 Searching for every pure and lovely sight,  
 And sights sublime ; to them but joy in all,  
 E'en in the scenes which guilty souls appall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again the sun goes down this glorious eve,  
 Gorgeous, as 'twas before; who could have thought,  
 That it again the eye could so relieve ?  
 With such magnificence ! so varying fraught !  
 Where, where in this our zone sight more sublime,  
 Or in the Arctic, Tropic, any clime ?  
 What sailing mountains as mid golden seas !  
 Cathedrals ! Castles ! on the vast expanse !  
 All hues, forms, objects that bard's eye might please ;  
 Aye, atheists, too, with sense of God to entrance ;  
 Such as the soul from the body seems to bear,  
 That it might float mid heavenly glory there !

Yet tide incomes with pomp and deafening sound !

With evening's calm 'tis heard, afar, afar !  
Somewhere disturbance gives it mighty bound !

Winds in the East ? trouble with lunar star ?  
The East must yet be clear, clear as late setting sun ;  
New day e'en everywhere, ere triumph won.  
Much is the scene as when reported last ;

Rumor of scenes far worse hath floated wide.  
So thousand eyes are now for this forth cast,  
And lines of Sea's great cavalry in ride,  
And ne'er were martial strains at least more loud,  
Than now, with Neptune's forces, draw the crowd.

Hour on hour bard watches musing here,  
Noting the conquests of the mighty deep,  
Thinking of scenes as strangely they appear ;  
Yet progress under Heaven its way must keep,  
Mid all that can transpire. \* \* Next morn bard's last  
On which this year he eyes o'er sea may cast.  
Eventful always here last morn, last night,  
"Last stroll to sea, and, too, last dip therein,"  
Comes e'er with sadness, mingling with delight,  
And sadness deepens as delight hath been ;  
And yet, with conscious heart of purest love,  
Joy we have here and hope of bliss above.

The poet's eye doth glance beyond to town,  
Which now gleams grandly with electric lights,  
And music wafts e'en o'er the sea adown ;  
Fond Park ! how many are thy pure delights,  
Meet with the heavens now grand with flaming globes,  
And night's queen mid them decked with silvery robes.  
At length his steps from shore he doth betake,  
And still reflecting he doth homeward wend ;  
His home not far from shore, in grove, by lake ;  
All these fair objects in his mind do blend ;  
Retiring he rests, yet wakes from sleep,  
To view the sun uprising from the deep.



Yet heard betimes at night, as if with frown,  
 The voice of ocean'sounding terribly,  
 As if the waves would soon engulf the town ;  
 And wonder is of power that holds the sea,  
 That with its liquid element so hurled,  
 It doth not break from bounds and drown the world.  
 Stirred by the sounds he rose long ere the morn,  
 Yet was the moon high shining near its full,  
 And grand robes seemed for sun ere this day born,  
 And fleecy clouds were near as bed of wool ;  
 Or, did he throw his splendors o'er the earth,  
 As signs of glories that from him have birth ?

'Twas scarlet glory, or again as gold,  
 That o'er him on the ocean then uprose,  
 This too, o'er all things bard did now behold,  
 Though all things but the sea in grand repose ;  
 And lo ! transformed the Park's Casino new,  
 As temple of the sun with gorgeous view.  
 High raised o'er earth with domes and minarets,  
 On slender pillars with highway thereto ;  
 Airy in aspect, crowned with coronets.  
 Changing as structures of the clouds to view ;  
 So it did seem at morn mid golden sun,  
 And as a temple, thus more glorious none.

So on did pass the bard, no soul beside,  
 Ere rose the sun, while bright shone silver moon ;  
 She watches both the rising sun and tide ;  
 While poet at the end of pier was soon  
 Looking alone there out amid the sea,  
 On havoc on the shore and waves aglee.  
 'Tis much as seen before, yet ever new,  
 And evermore magnificent to eye,  
 Yet doubly so while, too, as now in view,  
 In glorious gorgeousness, is morning sky ;  
 Change from the evening with its myriad stars,  
 And peaceful moon conjoined with war-like Mars.

Soon rises sun from beds of gold or throne ;  
 Meanwhile his crimson banners flying far ;  
 O, what a sight in sun o'er sea here shown  
 While mounts the king of day in fiery car !  
 Himself and chariot and all round him ; then,  
 Too all-o'erpowering bright for gaze of men.  
 Now gazes bard on sea and on the shore ;  
 Terror is here, and havoc sad is there ;  
 Ghostly as skeleton and graves all o'er ;  
 The green and grassy lawn much gone or bare,  
 Plaza and other walks all torn awreck,  
 Nor mortal power to other ruin check.

Ah ! there the billows now old wreck reveals !  
 Long it hath lain high up in grave of sand,  
 Reminds it now that judgment naught conceals,  
 And sea gives up its dead at God's command ;  
 O Ghostly wreck as culprit now exposed,  
 Though long as by the very tomb enclosed.  
 And, lo ! that anchor with its huge, strong chain,  
 Yet fastened to the wreck with flukes in sand ;  
 Though it, too, as false hope hath long there lain ;  
 See now 'tis *sundered* as if rotten strand !  
 Ah ! hopes well founded we must have and strong,  
 To stand the test when Right doth smite the wrong.

Bard looks again on the ocean far, far out,  
 From structure frail, and yet mid all this sea,  
 It did but shake ; it did not ocean scout,  
 Room gave it ; bard felt safe ; not daring he ;  
 He wished to note, ere gone, awhile at least,  
 The sea 'neath moon in full, and wind "Nor' East."  
 Ah ! long, proud swelling, towering monster waves,  
 With valleys of deep waters seen between,  
 Come on ! come on ! while ocean all o'er raves ;  
 Some billows, (strangely they do so careen,)  
 Appear as monsters drunk in revelry,  
 Again, as said, like Freedom's Cavalry.

Some though they high do rear no break do make,  
 But forth come grandly in unbroken lines,  
 Yet not less meaning forts of foes to take,  
 And each its point of contact well defines ;  
 Others proud, raging, break near end of pier,  
 Roll, dash, roar ; make they e'en the bard to fear.  
 Ofttimes it seems as if did Neptune o'er,

Swing round, and round, his whip, smooth, silent there,  
 Until he *snaps* it and O *then* the roar.

As on his steeds rear, plunge and traces tear,  
 As if to meet destruction they and all ;  
 But come they back at Neptune's beck and call.

Yet more; at times it fearful doth appear,  
 As though the Almighty bade from sea and waves,  
 All forces to dismount, that in career

Unchecked by any reins, now Neptune's braves,  
 In chariots with their coursers thundering go,  
 That all may learn that war with God is woe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here see how king of these great plaza walks,  
 King of these forts too, and of much of town,  
 Who said, "as if by Dante's chains and forks,  
 I've cornered Neptune and will hold him bound,"  
 This noble king who yet would pet the sea,  
 And smile on hosts, mark how mistaken he.

But would all kings were like him, good as wise,  
 And like him people loving, one with them,  
 Wishing that all, yea all beneath the skies,  
 Were fit for manly, royal diadem.

And would like him all kings would warning take,  
 And reparation for sad losses make.  
 Alas ! not all are with him even here ;

Sad is he oft as poet o'er dire wrecks,  
 And o'er the luring wreckers coming here,

From them alone what seem removeless specks,  
 Even in this our Eden garden now,  
 And they would crowns, too, tear from manhood's brow.

From this, though, bard would turn to sing of joy,

So every bard, king, knight, yea, all the good ;

Yet e'er do come sad scenes to them annoy,

But not despairing, this be understood :

Then now with cheerier strains would poet sing,

E'en though again our foes to sight we bring.

\* \* \* \* \*

More grand sights round the sun in glory there ;

Away, away extending o'er the skies !

The expansive vault filled with its sceneries rare ;

More than a thousand islands glorious rise,

As heavenly isles, or as of fairy land,

Of every size and shape, divinely grand !

As if, too, continents of splendor high,

All calm reposing on the upper sea,

And sea beneath is nothing to the eye

Compared to realms as of eternity,

Or such as God at sunrise paints on dome,

And too, at sunsets, picturing future home.

Ethereal scenes and yet most real these,

Material and yet heavenly ; so may be,

And ever changing more and more to please,

The realms and home of immortality ;

As cloud land, yet no shades and objects sad ;

All there forever blest, engaged and glad !

In conscious life, not fettered by earth's bond,

I'd like to be ethereal as those clouds,

With love and loves forever with us fond,

No more to know of graves and their dread shrouds,

Reverse of sorrows' scene ! of which to eye.

Is God's own sketching in morn's glorious sky.

Land of perpetual sunrise ! sunsets too !

Or like them, with no darkening night and sea ;

Eternal and yet ever glorious, new !

Naught there e'er gloomy : God's home scenery !

O contrast to the restless sea here seen,

Beings and realms eternal, blest, serene !

But beautiful, where touches sea with sky,  
 The glory on *this* sea this morn on verge ;  
 Barks with expanding wings do meet the eye,  
 As if to heaven itself their way they urge,  
 And more of heaven than of the earth they seem,  
 Afar, far vanishing as heaven doth gleam.  
 Yet, that which pleases bard as much as isles,  
 And continents that lie on heaven's expanse,  
 With every form that fancy's eye beguiles,  
 And that which, too, in soul doth so entrance,  
 Is yon ethereal sea of gold and blue,  
 With inmost lakes, too, with enchanting view.

O mid these seas and lakes how blest to sail !  
 Yes, too, upon the chariot clouds to ride !  
 All calm with bliss and love ; these there prevail,  
 Nor there to aught disturb the blissful tide ;  
 Yet earth is now our sphere, for earnest work,  
 For myriads sad, and for whom foes do lurk,

\* \* \* \* \*

God's voice and freedom's—as the sea's, wind's, tide's—  
 Would us direct to royal realms above.  
 Since man at longest here but brief abides,  
 And we must leave all, all on earth we love,  
 Yet Freedom, God and ocean, all things true,  
 Would point to realms e'en here of rapturous view.  
 Soon stars and sunrise, sunsets all on high,  
 Shall not look down as now on earth so sad,  
 But on fair scenes as one with yonder sky,  
 Earth as elysian isle, with each heart glad,  
 Moved by love's gravitation, e'en like stars,  
 With naught that image in God's likeness mars.

How beautiful, magnificent and bright,  
 This earth of ours as found from God's own hand,  
 What chandeliers of stars our world to light  
 Are hung above us ; shining there so grand !  
 And should not this our race be happy found,  
 All sharers of God's gifts that rich abound ?

Yes, earth, though not designed for perfect state,  
 Hath under God arrangements wondrous given,  
 Such as our being blest may elevate—

Chariot in which to heaven we grand are driven—  
 Through skies of splendor hovering o'er us foud,  
 And angels guiding toward the Great Beyond.  
 Continuous excursion ours from birth,

Or longer, shorter, mid grand myriad scenes,  
 Though shadows sometimes as we glide o'er earth,  
 And from the body (heaven thus mortal weans),  
 Yet would His children please, as them He rears,  
 To crown with bliss when passed to loftier spheres.

Know ye, for all who move to Heaven's blest wand,  
 Their birthright spurning not, for them know! know!  
 Though swept by chariot waves or flames beyond,

Yea, accidents and sufferings, all below,  
 Are working for them, speeding on, no fear  
 That they mid bliss and splendor hence appear.

Yet this the best world for our state just now,  
 A grand old world—perchance, though, latest made—  
 Here as proud candidates let's lift our brow,

And on toward crowns, nor God-given powers degrade,  
 For what inspiring sights!—in realms on high,  
 And in earth's realms :—all things sublime well nigh.

Dells, heights, fields, groves, streams, lakes, seas, skies,—all  
 ours!

Boundless with splendors, and with treasures vast!  
 With ready servants in all nature's powers,

The sunshine, planets lightnings speeding fast,  
 Yea, all things waiting us to help to rise  
 As well for heaven here as in the skies.

Are there not means enough to all men cheer

Aside from fraud and means to mar and harm?  
 Ah! In man's cruelty most woes appear;

On God's side, lo! the ways to sooth and charm!  
 But singly and combined on human side,  
 Lo! foes in varied forms yet here abide.

O, Park ! With thine embosomed loveliness !  
 With groves, lakes, art and this grand sea in sight !  
 How might the whole world all its people bless  
 Were it like thee ! With Eden homes, too, bright,  
 But Satan even here doth foul beguile,  
 With poisonous draughts in golden cups, and—smile.  
 And imps of *vice*, with lust, lure, gloss and glow,  
 Dread as e'er known in serpent's ways and shape !  
 With wiles wise laid to ensnare then leave in woe,  
 Foul reptiles as e'er crushed or left to escape ;  
 Such here are peering yet from Eden's sod,  
 Doom theirs, repenting not, as God is God.

Ghouls, too—smooth smiling, snake-like moving, sleek,  
 Inhabit Park ; knaves who but lurk for gold,  
 Thrusting their poinards into those they seek,  
 Having old churchly cloaks themselves to enfold,  
 Insinuating they, though ill in form,  
 None more deserving rod from lightning storm.  
 Some too, of these in office high perchance,  
 Joining e'en home, town, lodge, state, church we trow,  
 Having for all 'neath sleeve their ready lance,  
 Waiting unwary foes or friends to o'erthrow,  
 And as they've strown their rounds with these before,  
 Are ever looking out for victims more.

See, should such cruel monsters, one and all,  
 As saw Macbeth on dagger smeared with blood,—  
 Woes terrible that murderers befall,  
 As cometh vengeance like now high tide flood ;  
 So, warned should all be as by sight of sea,  
 As it doth rise, sweep smite in majesty,  
 Ah ! and 'tis in the air ! "What in the air ?"  
 The impression undefined of coming aid,  
 And yet defined somewhat by thundering there !  
 And from arrangements shaping, Heaven made,  
 For what is right shall reign ; the wrong shall cease,—  
 God shall His children from their foes release.

But "even sea seems now to enquire," (some say,)

"If bard be not unmerciful in ire?—

Vext as e'en ocean neath the tempest's sway?"

The bard replies, "vexed are my muse and lyre.

And turned from music smooth to discords' strain,

But 'tis that harmony at length may reign.

If vexed, not ever vengeful poet's heart,

His life for all with love he doth devote,

But love for all he would that all impart,

That none with cruel lust o'er others gloat;

So would the bard in every throb of soul,

Plead with all men for blessings on the whole.

Ye surely see your woes so heavy, great,

That press from hearts in agony their blood;

Why should ye any lure to such a fate?

Fate worse than flames of fire and drowning flood?

Driving your victims wild mid dread despair,

Bound helplessly within your cruel snare?

Would it be strange did storms impatient wait,

And lightnings and the seas, and awful doom,

And world for earthquake's dread avenging state,

To cast you quickly in dishonored tomb?

Sweeping you with your deeds from off the earth,

So all dishonoring to your God-given birth?

Might ye not this avoid and change your way?

In such wise that yourselves and all be blest?

That man and womanhood God's crown display,

And that for woes, sweet joys may be possessed?

This ye can do, bard pleads and pleads for this:—

Be crowned with glory and eternal bliss.

\* \* \* \* \*

And underneath are forces, God's and man's,

To readjust relations of our race,

Nor wisdom will be wanting for best plans,

Nor force for triumph in due time and place,

And after tide and storm, like vast calm sea,

Shall come Love's brotherhood, then harmony.



As to the sea's great heart moves its each drop,  
 Thus to the heart of God should move each soul,  
 So would harmonious movement never stop,  
 And, all hearts true, with bliss would thrill the whole,  
 And "Glory to the Highest" sound again,  
 As show we, like the Christ "good will to men."  
 All should be happy, elevated, pure,  
 Mid fountains, fruits and countless gifts of Heaven,  
 Nor only few as now should these secure,  
 God meant that these to all be justly given,  
 And that each justly bear his part toward this,  
 Herewith is harmony and herein bliss.

More than of royal splendor, glory, gold,  
 Might be all homes, with dwellers blest in love,  
 Wherein, too, sweet contentment all might hold,  
 All by attraction bound as stars above,  
 And as God's every star shines in its sphere,  
 So yet shall men in glory meet, appear.  
 This now to bring about should be our aim,  
 God's hosts for this are coming without pause,  
 And myriad hearts are kindling with this flame,  
 Even as hearts of bards for people's cause,  
 Which must be cause of God, for all His own,  
 And than on these, go trample on His throne.

What this compared to that if this be gold,  
 And if it studded be with every gem,  
 What all of splendors that all worlds might hold,  
 And if material what God's diadem,  
 Compared to feeling creatures made like Him,  
 And costing more to save than cherubim.  
 Move must we all to harmony, God given,  
 And thus we come to freedom, light, love, joy,  
 No more by selfishness and slavery driven,  
 And we for this ourselves should first employ,  
 And heaven we need to seek for all below,  
 Not only hope of heaven when hence we go.

And how, as look we on the stars, land, sea,  
 And gravitation note, and storms, and tide,  
 We learn the importance of our unity ;  
 For stars, seas, storms, tides thus in glory ride,  
 Then, human combinations think of now,  
 Before which ranks divided sad do bow.  
 And benefit from union, too, we note,  
 From great monopolies with central powers,  
 Though these to selfishness themselves devote,  
 Still these do rise as mighty castle towers,  
 Which we with broad suggestions justly view  
 As intimating national state—the new.

The state where all shall be a commonwealth,  
 Not in mere name but true as heavenly orbs,  
 Nor nations longer as the means of stealth,  
 Where selfishness and greed all else absorbs,  
 Leaving the people but with crumbs and scorn,  
 All trodden down, of God's own gifts so shorn  
 Brothers, from least to greatest, one and all,  
 Lift up your heads with cheer and hope and strength,  
 See heavenly grandeurs now do richly fall,  
 While high tide waves do sweep for man at length ;  
 God, moved by cries and scenes of myriads slain.  
 (Their spirits near His throne) comes here to reign.

See variegated hues, so beautiful now,  
 As banners of the sun o'er earth and sea,  
 And splendors' scenes mid which we reverend bow  
 To Him who reigns supreme in majesty,  
 Nor only parts we see to cheer our soul,  
 But great, grand, glorious oneness in the whole.  
 And herewith stars as squadrons, all we view,  
 All forces in God's realms combined in one,  
 To bring about predicted state, the new,  
 No tyrants more existing 'neath the sun,  
 'Neath Infinite Commander bearing down.  
 His image in our race o'er all to crown.

This sea in its perpetual throb of heart  
 Is faint and small to that of God's above,  
 That beats, its life to our weak life impart,  
 And, too, to throb our race with boundless love ;  
 Receive its life in full; thus all gifts come,  
 And thus new world, new race, new Christendom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo ! As I leave the winds and waves subside !

And sea becoming calm as crystal skies,  
 What golden isles, where all might blissful bide,  
 And all the earth springs forth as Paradise ;  
 Million of scenes of splendor, and with this  
 Abundant fruit for ransomed race in bliss.

All this appears as bard doth hence depart,  
 Leaving awhile the type, in much, of heaven,  
 To be where next is home of poet's heart.

In swift sped chariots thither he'll be driven,  
 Yes, to behold again his winter home,  
 And CAPITOL all grand as its crown dome.  
 How will this burst in glory mid the sun,

With Liberty's high goddess shining there ?  
 Emblem of victory wide-world to be won,

Vast blessings then in the great everywhere ;  
 But model of what's best where'er I roam,  
 I find here by the sea in summer home.

Yea, wondrous beautiful ! grand ! glorious ! blest !  
 This Eden-place with groves, lakes, ocean views !  
 In all the seasons here's enchantments' rest.

What more to wish,—save none to heaven abuse ?  
 Still, search all earth, and where may now be found  
 Spots, circles, homes where purer joys abound ?  
 Blissfully thrilling it is here to live ;

I feel its joy in every pulse and breath ,  
 What more than here could God to mortals give :

From Paradise to Paradise at death ;  
 Yes, 'twould be this to me, and so to all,  
 On whom bright scenes of heaven do rapturous fall.

O ! O ! Our Father of the heavenly realms !

How in thy light thy works do glow with love !

The whole scene gloriously my soul o'erwhelms,

While hovering round this home as doth the dove,  
Though soar I viewing, in excursions far,

Thy works, from earth toward star, on star, on star !  
And as from here I gaze not strange it seems,

That in crown realms the innermost above,  
Calm crystal sea before God's throne grand gleams,

With countless palaces of perfect love,  
And hosts with whom, being banished all that harms,  
Is everything that all divinely charms.

O ! as I look as if through sun-set gates,

Kindles my soul as from celestial fires !

Not strange commingling of the heavenly states,

With this earth's Eden that the bard admires ;

O ! blend may these that well at last we say,—

As drop in ocean's bliss, ends mortal day.

Borne then our souls to where no trouble whelms,

By convoys glorious to blest far-away,

And to the hosts, home, King of heavenly realms !

But meanwhile blessed be *here* each livelong day,

And *'twill* be, yielding not to evil's leaven ;

" GOD'S WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS 'TIS IN HEAVEN."

\* \* \* \* \*

But, whate'er views ye have, and howe'er calm,

Or howe'er vexcd, and though ye hosts would quell ;

Yet know there cause exists for your alarm,

Ye, who the masses now do buy and sell,

Work worse than slaves, then worn out leave to die,

Made paupers from their birth to their last sigh !

God hears it all ; He sees it all ; God feels ;

And hosts deep feel it. but—their strength now know ;

See how like cavalry the mass wheels, wheels,

E'en as Niagara's rapids. or sea's undertow,

Then how it breaks and shoots with thunders on !

And hark ! from gulf comes other cry anon !

Surely as straws in way to toss with ease,  
 Are mortals few to myriads as they move,—  
 To waves and forces mighty as are these ;  
 Foes safer stand to take it doth behoove,—  
 To join the mighty brotherhood in hand,  
 In such way as to be together grand  
 Hath Heaven been long, long silent seemingly ?  
 And seemingly unfeeling for the race ?  
 So much that hosts have said, " God cannot be,  
 Or He such wrongs toward men would quick efface ;"  
 God's long, long suffering this hath been ; He hath warned  
 But lo ! no longer may the poor be scorned.

True, all with wealth and fame have not scorned them ;  
 Many of these have nobly used their gold ;  
 They've stood, and stand, with manhood's diadem ;  
 All should with admiration them behold ;  
 Yet few with human nature thus can reign  
 And why such contrasts with its woes remain ?  
 The wise will listen and will warning take,  
 Will note the beating of the Sea's vast heart ;  
 From winds and flood-tides prudent reckoning make ;  
 From present dangerous attitudes depart ;  
 Will note deep undertow and undertone,  
 With sorrows moan, throes, wreck of throne !

Are we not human ? not one body we ?  
 Offspring of but one God ; one Fatherhood ?  
 Thus we in loftiest ties one family.  
 Is Might to say to Right, thou art no good ?  
 And thus the rich to poor ? and head to feet ?  
 Shall those forever these with scorning greet ?  
 May not the myriads of the few declare,—  
 Vexed by their sufferings, roused by scorn to ire,  
 As now for centuries, few for them do care,—  
 Is it now strange they rise like flood and fire ?  
 And that earth's myriads say of foes but few,  
 " Your time hath come ; we have no need of *you* ?"

" We too, can educated be ; can rise ;  
 Can lordly sweep along and have due scorn,  
 Scorn lowliness, want, nor have them 'neath you skies ;  
 The brows of all with manhood's crown adorn,  
 All, all still laboring in due prudent care,  
 And all shall this, and blessing, too, soon share.  
 All gents and ladies then, all true, polite ;  
 Nor smiling to deceive as oft doth knave,  
 All independent lords 'neath sovereign's right ;  
 Others not mounting high, sink 'neath the wave,  
 The High Tide wave on coming with the stars,  
 And Freedom's Cavalry ; night's cell unbars !

\* \* \* \* \*

Hear ye once more the sighing undertone,  
 Of the deep sea ; and mark its undertow ;  
 O ! O ! what tossing ! throes ! and laboring moan !  
 And then the outbursting ! spring ! dash ! overthrow !  
 Sea's cavalry of Freedom roll ! roll in !  
 And for humanity the victory win !  
 Lastly ye anarchists denying God,  
 Most foolish beings ye of all on earth,  
 Making yourselves but loathsome worms 'neath sod,  
 Not as ye may be of divinest birth ;  
 List ye, as well as all the ungodly great,  
 To Epistle of St. James, and—change your state.

Read it, re-read it, pondering, searching all,  
 And kindred sayings through the Sacred Book.  
 Then read these sea-side signs and heed their call,  
 Then all around o'er earth and upward look.  
 See lawless captives mid the electric wires,  
 See sun, moon, stars as flaming warning fires.  
 Not carelessly to deal with laws our aim,  
 Not to undo what now is well in much,  
 Not to denationalize, but to reclaim  
 That on which knaves have fixed their pirate clutch,  
 And thus have robbed the people, much 'neath law,  
 Them we would as by sea-side forces awe.

'Tis dangerous for babes to play with waves,  
 And with this undertow of fierce tide high,  
 And so with flames of fire as fire oft raves,  
 With chariots, too, that on as lightning fly,  
 Nor safer thus for foes to wanton play  
 With waves, fire, chariots of roused hosts to-day.  
 And as do fall here structures, like the leaves,  
 When sweep o'er them in autumn-time great gales ;  
 So have strong nations fallen as felled thieves.  
 Yea, e'en republics when their grasp assails  
 The people's rights, and powers by them conferred  
 Made means by which they're fleeced as sharp-sheared herd.

But what do mean these sounds of hosts of waves,  
 Not only far, and on the sand bars near,  
 But hollow sounds still nearer as in graves,  
 As though might ghosts forth sheeted now appear ?  
 Ah ! sounds of ballots on Australian plan,  
 The freemen's weapons now 'gainst foes to man.  
 On, on to Richmond as by foot and horse ?  
 Yea more, to capital of nation and each state,  
 To all these making all to right endorse,  
 And thus to have whate'er may elevate ;  
 To have justice, mercy ; to all slavery smite,  
 All darkness ; and to hail God, joy and light.

Hail this will sun, moon, all the stars and seas,  
 The earth in flooded glory, all God's hosts,  
 The universe. yea foes redeemed ; all these  
 Then one vast brotherhood with no vain boasts,  
 All as true stars within their spheres again,  
 To sing with joy and shout the glad AMEN.

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## Sunset : Lake.

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On Sunset Lake ! Though not like bordering sea,  
O where than here, 'mid these small emerald isles  
And beauteous groves, view lovelier scenes may we?  
And what on earth the more to heaven beguiles?  
For here 'mid splendors of the sunsets, O !  
I soar and soar as if to heaven aglow.  
What countless times, thou lovely Lake, of thee  
I've heard the dwellers and the strangers here  
From an entrancement, break in rhapsody ;  
So do thy charms o'erpowering oft appear,  
And how with thee blend scenes of heaven and earth,  
And herewith innocent and varied mirth.

On thy clear waters, waveless, undisturbed,  
How many lightsome boats and gladsome throngs  
Do waft ; what dipping oars and laughter heard,  
And music echoing too with merry songs,  
While gayly-colored lights on boats at night  
Make a most fairy-like and blissful sight.  
What joyous evening splendors here are mine,  
Seeing yon pearl gates and gold beckoning wand !  
Then from the moon when she so bright doth shine,  
While myriad stars do light the far beyond,  
Throwing reflections glorious on the lake,  
As if all souls to thoughts of heaven awake.

Yes, angels seem mid sunset beckoning thus,  
Then gorgeous starlit heavens o'er this appears ;  
So yet shall shine God's inmost realms for us,  
As we shall soar beyond all mortal spheres ;  
Meanwhile we joy derive 'mid types so grand  
Of isles, sea, realms in the immortal land.



Sweet, picturesque Lake ! Than thou what here more fair ?  
 Meetly the SUNSET LAKE thy christened name,  
 For as to heaven thou dost our being bear,  
 The more at close of day, when splendors flame  
 So o'er and round thee, that we scarcely know,  
 Or 'mid the inner heavens or yet below.

Thus mid thy charms with heaven's ope'd gate I've gazed  
 From grove, isles, dwelling, and in wafted boat  
 Full many an hour, while thanks to Heaven I've raised,  
 And wished that at the last my soul might float—  
 Float in the light of world, o'er world of care,  
 To my last home, meeting in bliss all there.  
 Of this, too, O what matchless picture glows  
 Here in the morning's grandeur o'er the sea !  
 Then Heaven's magnificence grand banners throws,  
 Assuring of our crown and victory !  
 Groves, singing birds, isles, ocean and the lake !  
 What more ourselves beyond to rapturous take ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Sunrise and sunset splendor ! What is this,  
 But picture of the inner gates of pearl ?  
 Reflections of the royal realms of bliss ?  
 And clouds ? as chariots in which grand we whirl,  
 Or as light boats in which we float away,  
 To Love's last home with life all blest for aye.

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Arrived at Capital ; of which, sometime,  
 Yet more ; and details of the Gold Kings' sway,  
 Then of their fall ; and hence blest state sublime ;  
 And somewhat of such now, and glimpse of day,  
 When all our sovereign people, cultured, true,  
 Shall reign in Commonwealth in world the new.

Weeks passed, when to the Capital once more,  
 Flashed lightning words which read,—“ Come hence, quick  
 hence ;  
 Come view unrivaled grandeurs on the shore,  
 The scenes on scenes wild in magnificence,  
 Where high winds, waves, and tides combine in wrath ;  
 Neptune with *all* his hosts now on war path !”

Swift as the wind bard flew when came this news ;  
 (Thus signs of change so vast in grand display,  
 In ways as in bound lightning now to use,  
 And other wondrous means to serve new day) ;  
 So from the Capital to seaside shore,  
 The poet came in mission as before.

His mission ? What but voicing God Most High ?  
 To interpret Him in nature and His word ?  
 Glancing o’er earth and to the inmost sky,  
 In such way showing Him that He be heard ;  
 Seeking that men with all things blest may be,  
 But crowning all—God, justice, liberty.

Scarcely, though strong, he here the fierce wind breasts,  
 Passing from fiery chariots to the sea,  
 Yet soon to eye toss white plumed lofty crests,  
 Even as if of Freedom’s cavalry ;  
 And further yet resound deep moan, then shout,  
 As though the people’s sigh did grand break out.

As if it now would call, as bard would, too,  
 The people from the mountains, vales and plains,  
 From *all* the inland regions, scenes to view  
 Where scene the most sublime, though fearful, reigns.—  
 Scenes such as seeing not none can conceive,  
 And seeing scarce might one his eyes believe.

In certain course e'en as these literal waves,  
 We see the yeomen rising, coming forth,  
 Aye, as though giants hidden long in caves,  
 Coming from east, west, south and from the north  
 Grandly awakened may they join us here;  
 Now, word to Summer hosts who here appear :

Some are but as mere butterflies at play,  
 'Twere well to be such in due time and place,  
 But not to loll, dream, sport our lives away ;  
 At all times live in way to manhood grace,  
 And be awake unto the times and hour,  
 See sunshine, flowers, but also storms in power.

All ye who're here but in the summer time,  
 Though viewing ocean in its vast expanse,  
 Can have no thought of scenes like this sublime,  
 As winds, waves, tides in their full force advance,—  
 When gales and waves and swift tides speed, speed on,  
 And thundering, plunging bid their foes—"begone"!

And thus we interpret (very much), dread scenes,  
 And fearful voices ; who does not, indeed,  
 When 'neath dread earthquakes e'en the earth careens ?  
 Aye, then the veriest infidels give heed,  
 And when the tempests toss their foundering bark,  
 And death confronts them in the awful dark :

Though then amid dread sounds and scenes may be,  
 To all the true, sweet whisperings of cheer,  
 That tell, when storms are o'er, of victory ;  
 To others warning voices come with fear ;  
 So now sounds Voice in this terrific storm,—  
 "Cease from your course of ill and good perform."

Terrific storm and scenes ! Ah ! what describes  
 This fearful grandeur now mid sky, air, sea !  
 There angel forms, here forms of demon tribes  
 Who 'mid dark clouds to clouds do frightful flee,  
 And, too, they o'er the waves with lightnings flash,  
 Then all is black ! then thunders loud do crash !

Oh ! storm now lulled and still ; then quick awake,  
 But as though angry from disturbance given,  
 You thunder so as that the dead might quake,  
 And with your lightning might their graves be riven,  
 And sheeted dead do seem upon the sea,  
 And waves toss drunken in fierce revelry.

Now is one sheet of flame in clouds and air !  
 Sky black, but 'mid which lightnings, thunders, leap  
 From clouds to clouds, and O ! the blinding glare !  
 Yet as sublime the *sea* its way doth keep ;  
 Grand ! grand ! with phosphorus fire and dreadful roar !  
 And shock is felt from waves afar from shore.

And O ! to *see* these mountains roll and spring,  
 Tossing their wrathful foam ! then, towering, lo !  
 In all their strength themselves on shore they fling,  
 With dire destruction threatening every foe,  
 While with them now as allies in the fray,  
 Most finite forces seem in dread array.

And sea and storm are wrathful, then aglee ;  
 As most gigantic, living creatures strange ;  
 Possessed of soul they ever seem to be,  
 Or under varying spirits do they range,  
 Some under sons of light to bring relief,  
 Others 'neath Black Prince,—ruin's ruthless Chief.

So did most ancients think ; gods called them they,  
 Both good and bad therewith they thought,  
 Each force and class as if of night or day,  
 And so for night or day all constant fought ;  
 And so with mortals ; they for day or night,  
 But victory yet shall crown the sons of light.

O scenes reminding of the sacred word,  
 When the Almighty bids His forces, all,  
 To meet in fleets and armies 'neath His sword ;  
 Then under Him, obedient to His call,  
 To move for Freedom true 'gainst despots' reign,  
 Spurning Black Prince's rule and all ill's train.

Heaven means that hence shall all the true combine  
 In war 'gainst hell, and all in league with this,  
 To stop the insults to the laws divine ;  
 Warning see here in this now sea's abyss,  
 And much like earthquake with dread thundering shock,  
 To engulf the foes who Providence do mock.

And who do so mock God, and cause doubt more,  
 E'en in His own existence, than the foes  
 Who rule with tyranny the millions o'er,  
 Keeping them bound in night and countless woes,  
 Instead of lifting them, as might be done,  
 By brother keepers, bound in love as one ?

\* \* \* \* \*

It storms ! storms ! storms ! still more and more ;  
 Whistles and shrieks the tempest ; dark the waves ;  
 And the vast sea o'er all doth swell, hurl, roar ;  
 Each force with other for destruction raves ;  
 Conflicting some, and all engaged in way  
 That conflicts last till ushers in new day.

Was e'er such storm and ruin here before?  
*Still* see where walks are buried in the abyss,  
 And avenues so grand now tumbled o'er,  
 On which the hosts late rode or strolled in bliss;  
 Who can but see had any here remained,  
 That death would soon have o'er them darkly reigned?

And further down the coasts huge piles of rocks,  
 Brought from the interior States and far away,  
 To stop the sea, the sea now scorns and mocks,  
 Tosses as its own flying, feathery spray,  
 And iron warships, too, as forts most strong,  
 As egg-shells by these waves are strown along!

\* \* \* \* \*

And lo! triumphant as come ocean waves,  
 Tossing as feathers all within its way,  
 So waves come now that *manhood* nobly saves—  
 Come hosts with banners and in grand array;  
 New myriads everywhere now joining them,  
 That man as man wear God-given diadem.

Aye, like the waves, sound freemen's free will votes!  
 Tide turns from time when rich grew richer far,  
 And poor grew poorer; other tide now floats,  
 And floats with plumed crests o'er obstruction's bar;  
 Bars and obstructions formed 'gainst people all,  
 That *few* be kings; lo! now how these do fall!

\* \* \* \* \*

Touch but the public heart with sense of right,  
 'Twill be as harp o'er which God's fingers move,  
 And as this sea swept by the gales (grand sight!)  
 Yea, as with heart of sea, will people prove,  
 When touched by love of right, with vote, nor fear;  
 Then O! the strains of music, far and near!

Aye, the deep sighing, sighing of the sea,  
 And moaning, moaning like despairing cry,  
 So sad till now, hath voiced humanity.  
 Anon ! sound warriors' shouts from far and nigh,  
 As if endurance and meek patience end ;  
 So victors' notes o'er waves do sweetly blend.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tide turned !" say rather "It is turning now,"  
 Or such the auspicious outlook ; but beware !  
 Masked with hypocrisy is many a brow  
 Of those who loyalty to people swear ;  
 And would for selfish ends their leaders be—  
 "For sovereign people and true liberty !"

In all our parties (O, alas ! 'tis true,  
 Are knaves all undeserving name of man.  
 O for the time when we might all renew,  
 Apart from traitorous statesmen's scheming plan—  
 Plans for themselves and others, all for *gold* !  
 Their country and its sovereigns by them *sold* . !

Watch we must turning tide—transition's hour—  
 And see that the untrue (as this 'whelmed walk)  
 Are tossed and 'whelmed for aye 'neath Heaven's own power ;  
 Nor in the town's, state's, nation's halls hence stalk,  
 As in the past (yet mostly in late day)  
 Traitors who people's cause for bribes betray.

Like Pharisees of old, so outward fair,  
 These do with vows for freedom hoarsely howl,  
 Yet burdens place on people none can bear,  
 Themselves as whited sepulchres all foul ;  
 Such are the knaves who've brothers ruined here,  
 Whom we should see made men or—disappear.

\* \* \* \* \*

The long chained forces, or in much restrained,  
 Are sometimes now let loose ; still lulls do come,  
 And sounds do swell as horn for victory gained,  
 All calming down ; again bursts thundering drum,  
 And lightnings gleam and flash to war renew ;  
 Thus varied changes ere new world we view.

Winds now as flute ; anon as shrillest fife,  
 And now *all* sounds do terribly unite !  
 Then burst dread cannonades in charge and strife,  
 And in confusion seem to dash 'gainst right ;  
 And gayety itself with ire doth smile,  
 Though ruins roll o'er ruins, dark meanwhile.

With cannon, shot, sword, shell, seem spectral bands,  
 (As said), 'mid storms with laughter and with rage ;  
 Who, who but SATAN *these* in strife commands ?  
 So angels fallen with the true engage,  
 And dark forms flit with those of heavenly light,  
 In war on sea and land this fearful night.

"Prince of the air," (such Satan now is called),  
 Is on the earth with loosened chain awhile,  
 Hence Havoc's war, and Lust's and hosts enthralled,  
 Though at the first with veriest angels' smile ;  
 Satan and all his brood—serpents well termed,  
 Still by them Eden's lost and woes confirmed.

Even as there the faithful coast guards pace,  
 So bard doth pace the shore to watch the storm,  
 And as for ships, *his* care for all the race,  
 For them mid storms and cold his heart is warm,  
 And watching for their safety, as this night,  
 Though but the lightning's flashings be his light.



Ah ! here is different storm so dark till now ;  
 And many 'gainst it struggling staggering, faint,  
 And what perplexities of heart and brow !  
 Thereby at times comes doubt to many a saint,  
 The more from what seems victory to ill,  
 While they would mercy's mission true fulfill.

With fierce Black Prince not only hosts from pit  
 Do war on earth, and captives chain, anon,  
 But hosts of men with him in conclave sit,  
 And with him 'gainst our race and God lead on ;  
 Most dark, dire, ruinous of all are they,  
 Yes, than *those* demons, worse to lead astray.

See ye yourselves with those, ye traitorous men ;  
 Their likeness in you, as your deeds are theirs ;  
 And what but that your doom be like theirs, then ?  
 Ah ! ye, whose motto is mid all,—" Who cares ?"  
 " Who cares for others in their loss, night, pain,  
 If but their loss and suffering be our gain ? "

Beware ! comes other storm o'er all most dread,  
 Toward which all things 'neath God are moving on,  
 And myriad hosts therewith by Him are led ;  
 In that day as ye hear the Voice, " Be gone ! "  
 Flee shall ye to the rocks, and on them call,  
 That they, to avoid Heaven's wrath, may on you fall.

Yes, of the all conquering mighty Storm to come,  
 Know ye the thunder in the heavens to-night,  
 And lightning's gleams, and waves' now deafening drum,  
 And all destruction of the sea's great might,  
 Are but as whispers, and mild rays of moon,  
 Compared to what shall be as that comes soon ;

Are as the boding silence of that hour ;—  
 Yet this not long enduring, swift but sure,  
 Effective as God's all subduing power  
 When He at length His promise shall secure ;—  
 So is the Storm all storms eclipsing near ;  
 Then shall perpetual summer grand appear.

\* \* \* \* \*

To epoch new we're passing on with speed,  
 As sure as God doth reign and stars do roll,  
 When love 'neath God shall be our star to lead,  
 And God with love shall glorious all control,  
 And music grand, with hosts of countless stars,  
 Shall hail the new day as from flame of Mars.

O ! when our hearts in love touch God's own heart,  
 'Twill be as zephyrs touch Æolian strings,  
 Yea, then the universe in every part,  
 Shall ring with notes such as each true seer sings,  
 And peace and joy, and sweet contentment then,  
 Exchanged for woes among the sons of men.

Bright day of song and loveliness and joy,  
 The race shall have in place of starless night,  
 And, each ennobled and in blest employ,  
 Shall thus as king lift up crowned brow to light,  
 And all shall greet new Eden's happy morn,  
 And each greet each as brother, Heaven born.

First, waves as though of tempest, sea and fire,  
 Wherein this age as if the earth, shall end,  
 But then new age o'er all to blest admire,  
 With which all harmony shall sweetly blend,  
 And for the state by Satan ruled of old,  
 Shall come new Christendom as long foretold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark ! sea of *flame* begins to fearful sound !  
 'Tis onward coming as this sea of waves !  
 The people, whom till now foes fierce have bound,  
 Do rise ! yet look to Him who saves ;  
 And placing heart to heart and hand in hand,  
 With God's one life shall each to each well stand.

O'er, under, through all this for aye, mark ye,  
 Is grandly holding sway the Mightiest,  
 He governs on the land, in sky, o'er sea,  
 And all at last must move to his behest ;  
 The glorious dawning morn wakes songs e'en now,  
 And despots cower, and slaves lift up lit brow.

O ye who have not tried to uplift the race,  
 To give to all best cultured mind, heart, soul,  
 And all that godliest manhood well doth grace,—  
 How read ye on the unrolling judgment scroll ?  
 And ye the more who have your brother's smote,  
 And robbed them, lustful wishes to promote.

Ah ! ye have read the sacred Book for naught :  
 With narrow minds ; perchance for special class ?  
 See ! from the first to last 'tis mostly fraught  
 With special hopes for cast down trodden mass ;  
 And 'gainst their foes is marked earth's greatest crime !  
 Read ye the Book, and turn from doom in time.

Or, read ye now the *signs of times* so clear,  
 And see the marvels vast that come each day ;  
 The masses, too, in myriads that appear,  
 And rise in *grand* as terrible array  
 Against their foes and all that keeps them down,  
 Aye, and resistless, —man to glorious crown.

Yet, as to them, and all of finite force,  
 Though mighty in their way, naught to compare  
 To the divine, almighty, boundless Source,  
 Who now doth His own arm and sword make bare,  
 And comes direct for His own God like plan,—  
 To, o'er new world, enthrone the man as man.

“Once more not only earth but stars shall shake !”  
 And all that is of ill shall pass away !  
 Man's mightiest foes shall fleeing, fearful quake,  
 And change to sackcloth shall their grand array ;  
 “As wax they melt!” as “smoke they vanish” quite  
 So wrong doth disappear before the right

For God doth come as if with war steeds now, .  
 As if were clouds His chariots, too, all grand ;—  
 As sunrise comes He, or with darkened brow ;  
 That for His hosts, as He doth them command,  
 This for His foes and theirs, neath Conqueror's rod ;  
 He for the lonely and the oppressed, is God.

The solitary, sad, He now doth set,  
 “In their own cottages, and neath their trees” ;  
 In family groups ; at length in joy they're met,  
 Each with meet labor still, and yet with ease ;  
 And those long bound in chains are nobly free ;”  
 This on God's gracious word ; so mote it be.

And as he marches through the wilderness,  
 E'en this before Him doth as garden bloom,  
 And all the cities change their hosts to bless ;  
 Uplifts from all the oppressed the pall of gloom,  
 And heaven doth pour rich gifts on earth below,  
 And with all smiles responding, earth doth glow.

His promise God confirms to wearied ones ;  
 He gives the word, and, " women as His host,"—  
 So it is written,—joined with Heaven's own sons,  
 Do publish this glad news in every coast,  
 And kings, all foes, do flee, they flee with speed,  
 And people take their spoils, 'tis written, read.

These lie amid their sheepfolds, peaceful, blest,"  
 Or, are as " doves with wings of silver bright,  
 And tipped with gold,"—once marred with wounded breast ;  
 So Heaven doth come to place o'er wrong the right ;  
 All this would reason teach, as God we own,  
 With power boundless, right o'er wrong to enthrone.

The enslaved in pits, the tillers of the soil,  
 All laborers robbed, of equity deprived,  
 (Whom gold kings now so cruelly despoil,  
 Though from the toilers all their gold derived,)  
 All *those* in world now turning wrong side down,  
 Shall drink of blessings' cup, and wear the crown.

Then, now ye unjustly treated, honest poor,  
 Remember God and Heaven are on your side,  
 Though spurned ye may be from the gold kings' door,  
 And though awhile they rule in splendors' pride,—  
 From gold the price of your own sweat and blood ;  
 Say ye to them, and point to on coming flood ;

" You've unjust laws ; your acts unfair, untrue ;  
 But in the end shall prove most sad your course,  
 Ye yet with keenest pangs your way shall rue,  
 For right appeals direct to primal Source,  
 Where from beginning hath been seen all things,  
 And so arranged that doom for wrong it brings.

Alas ! 'tis,—as implied in adage old,—  
 Oft law stands not as justice but as fraud,  
 And law and justice subjects unto gold ;  
 Thus bought and sold by knaves, or overawed ;  
 Justice and law we'll make as one, pure, true,  
 Yet love and mercy with them grand to view.

And oft is fraud with zeal for what is past,  
 And what is past may be but what is dead,  
 Men's views may not the same forever last,—  
 Save as by the Infallible we're led,—  
 And He predicts a world which he calls new,  
 In church and state, 'neath love's expanding view.

Nor for the poor with wrong deliberate done,  
 Is aught but disappointment and sad state ;  
 With only godlike traits is victory won ;  
 Thus only man is safe and blest and great :  
 Worthily then be of God, crown, liberty ;—  
 THIS IS THE VOICE OF SEA AND BARD ; HEED YE.

\* \* \* \* \*

At capital again from sea side storm,  
 Stillness and pause as Congress doth adjourn ;  
 So it becomes more genially warm ;  
 And winter into bloom of May doth turn ;  
 Crown all the trees with leaves, and flowers bloom ;  
 But hark ! from westward course comes startling boom.

With force and suddenness scarce known before,  
 (Not with the typhoons as they cross the line,  
 Or ever storm that burst on any shore) ;  
 Comes sound like ocean waves as hosts combine,  
 And if from any special quarter first,  
 The chorus notes from myriads grandly burst !

And when hath movement seemed of Heaven more ?

It brings to mind God's hosts with ransomed brow  
From Egypt's kings and Babylon's of yore,

And our own people's rescues, until now

Comes shout—"We're free from knaves' and gold kings  
hand !

And ours again God's promised, glorious land."

Than common conclave gatherings, it seemed,

(So comes the news) like Pentecostal Day,

When tongues of heavenly fire and glory gleamed

Amid the hosts then under God's own sway,

When in results they marvellous did agree,

To reign as brother kings in equity.

At least we must announce the certain birth

Of giant offspring of vast earthquake now,

Which e'en so young seems moving Heaven and earth,

And countless hosts mid sunrise lift lit brow;

Or this, or that, or aught, for people's cause

Rise o'er the world the thunders of applause.

Aye, seems now mightiest cyclone of the sea,

Aye, force that moves all stars, all things controls,

Aye, as though here were God's artillery,

And armies, fleets, grand as the sea that rolls.

Grand as all stars neath Admiral of the skies ;

So grandly do the sovereign people rise.

List then to what the wild winds *now* are saying,

For now unite with them near every host,

And lo ! how thus near everything they're swaying,

Marching as conquerors from coast to coast ;

Hear what the winds and grand waves therefore say—

"For better State swift speed we on our way."

“ False rule, and rubbish-ruin, sweep from view,  
 Let freedom’s warlike hosts have room to move;  
 With wisdom, justice, love, make all things new,  
 As it doth all for sovereign kings behoove;  
 So would we rise in majesty God crowned,  
 That blessings God given might for all abound.

Our ranks? Confined not to the poor alone;  
 But they embrace all those who’ve God-like heart,  
 From straw-bed beggar to the king on throne;  
 Such is the line that separates all apart;  
 Such as too, separates hell and heaven above,  
 Dives and Lazarus, too; God’s line is—LOVE.

Yet, in the heavens of love are varied stars,  
 Some more, some less resplendent, great and grand,  
 In certain ways; but none that love debars,  
 For Heaven holds each as His in His own hand,  
 And in His heart as well, with suited state,—  
 Excepting orbs that sink mid seas of hate.”

So sing, too, bards; on Hades orthodox,  
 Or, was not Dante? led by church, though, he,  
 Who as good Mother would her children box,  
 Mayhap with poker make obedient be;  
 “ Give us less Dante’s fires,” bards now would say,  
 Less cruelty, and point where love hath sway.

Yet hell must be, or God should make one hence,—  
 For cruel knaves, that they the woes may feel  
 Which they on others here so free dispense;  
 Still, be their punishment that they may kneel,  
 Not slavishly, but with true love to God,  
 That good may come from touch of Justice’ rod.



Ask ye, where are the parties known of old ?  
 Or what in future may their history be ?  
 And fate of bigots and greed's kings of gold ?  
 Buried forever in the deep blue sea,  
 O'er which the gales shall swell their requiem,  
 While stars sing o'er the people's diadem.

*With*  
~~Yet~~ frail walks tossed by waves and borne away, —  
 To which have many trusted in the past,  
 Both in the church and state until to-day,  
 And these transition times with tempest's blast, —  
 Remove not what is firm and what is true ;  
 Let such remain, while comes, too, blest state new.

Retain whate'er may God's own image raise,  
 Whate'er may this adorn, ennoble, bless,  
 Whate'er in any class may be to praise,  
 Nor selfishness but love and grace possess,  
 But what best men may have, seek this for *all*,  
 And paths and heights from which none hence may fall.

Waters shall yet divide from stars above,  
 So shall the light in place from darkness deep,  
 And forth shall glow bright sun of boundless love,  
 Ourselves in greater safety thus to keep ;  
 O'er *change* from chaos, where hosts dangerous stood,  
 Shall God again exclaim, "'Tis very good."

Word more : knave schemers, traitors of the past,  
 With all such brood, do now as corpses move  
 Within their coffins, and do wear pale cast,  
 (As it doth them, with pit in view, behoove ;)  
 So from the chaos now, we may be sure,  
 The sovereign people will their rights secure.

Will new world make of this in very deed,—  
Of this our land at first, — and thence the news  
Will as the earthquake waking dead, on speed,  
And with new life and cheer will all enthuse ;  
So bard here stops, with news so great, sublime :  
He's off for sea shore in new summer time.



## ERRATA.

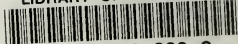
On page 3 line 12 omit *By bard,* and read, Though echoing o'er and o'er,  
repeated *be.*

"	"	7	"	35	"	<i>do.</i>
"	"	24	"	35	"	<i>2d the.</i>
"	"	27	"	25	"	<i>the.</i>
"	"	7	"	10	read	<i>re-resounds.</i>
"	"	10	"	28	"	<i>we</i> for <i>me.</i>
"	"	11	"	23	"	<i>roll</i> for <i>all.</i>
"	"	13	"	2	"	<i>near.</i>
"	"	21	"	17	"	<i>wronged, crushed</i> they've been.
"	"	24	"	17	"	<i>due</i> labor.
"	"	28	"	22	"	<i>down</i> for <i>bound.</i>
"	"	38	"	24	"	<i>aash</i> and wreck of throne.
"	"	40	"	24	"	All darkness: <i>God</i> to hail with reign of right.





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